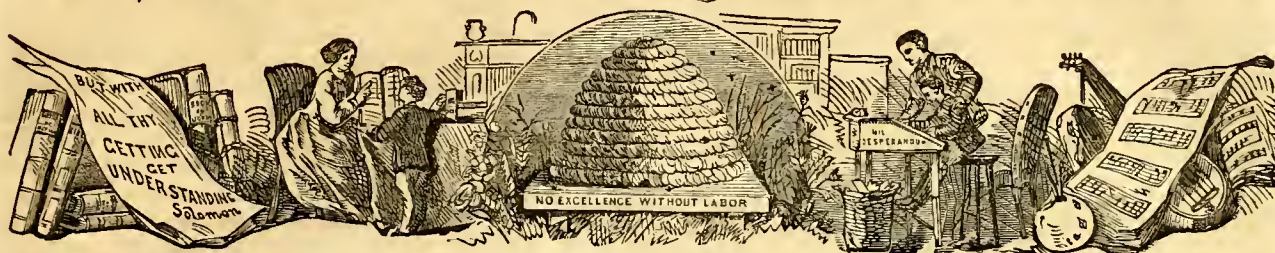


The Juvenile Instructor



VOL 3.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1868.

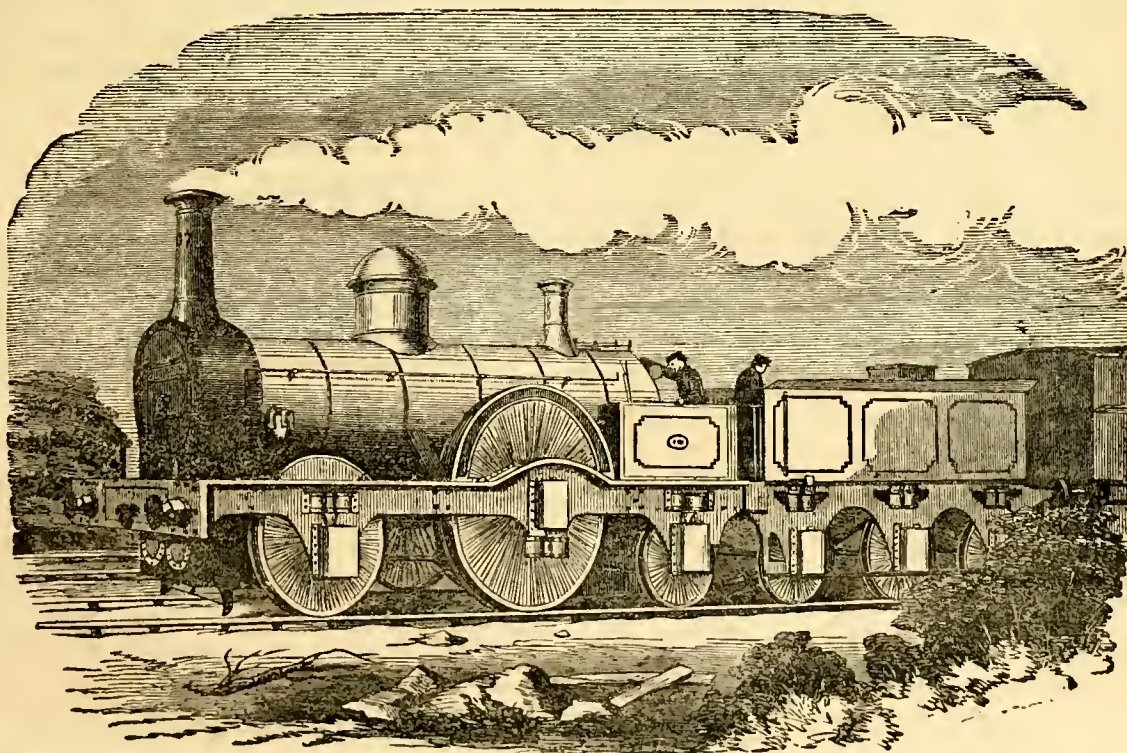
NO. 8.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

THE improved boiler was what is called a multitubular boiler. You do not understand that, I suppose. An iron boiler is cast, six feet long, and three feet and a third in diameter. It is to be filled half full of water. Through this lower half there run twenty-five copper tubes, each about three inches in diameter, opened at one end to the fire, through which the heat passes to the chimney at the other end. You see this would present a great deal of heating surface to the water, causing it to boil and steam off with great rapidity. The invention was not a sudden growth, as no inventions are. Fire-tubes, serving

factory floor was deluged. Poor Robert was in despair. He sat down and wrote his father that the whole thing was a failure.

A failure indeed! Back came a letter by the next post telling him to "go ahead and try again!" The letter moreover suggested a remedy for the disaster—fastening the tubes into the boiler by fitting them snugly into holes bored for the purpose, and soldering up the edges. And it proved to be precisely what Robert himself had thought of; after the first bitter wave of disappointment had subsided. So he took heart



this use, started in several fertile minds about the same time, and several persons claimed the honor of the invention; but it was Stephenson's practical mind which put it into good working order, and made it available. For he told Robert to try it in his new locomotive.

He did. The tubes were of copper, manufactured by a Newcastle coppersmith, and carefully inserted into the ends of the boiler by screws. Water was put into the boiler, and in order to be sure there was no leaking, a pressure was put on the water; when lo, the water squirted out at every screw, and the

and went to work again. Success crowned his efforts. A heavy pressure was put on the water and not a drop oozed out. The boiler was completely water-tight.

This is precisely the kind of boiler now in use; some have fifty tubes; the largest engines one hundred and fifty.

Various other improvements were incorporated into the new engine, which, as you do not probably understand much about machinery, will not particularly interest you.

At last the new engine was finished. It weighed only four tons and a quarter, little less than two tons under the weight

required by the offer of the directors. The tender, shaped like a wagon, carried the wood in one end and the water in the other.

It was forthwith put on the Killingworth track, fired up, and started off. Robert must have watched its operations with intense anxiety. Nothing could have met his expectations like the new boiler. It, in fact, out did his highest hopes. The steam made rapidly, and in what seemed to him then, marvelous quantities. Away went a letter to Liverpool that very evening.

"The Rocket is all right and ready," wrote the young man, joyfully. That was the engine's name, "Rocket," on account of its speed perhaps. "Puffing Billy" was quite cast into the shade. By looking at our engraving of the first page, you can form an idea of its appearance.

It was shortly shipped to Liverpool in season for the grand trial.

The trial, rapidly approaching, elicited a great and general interest. The public mind was astir. The day fixed was the first of October. Engineers, mechanics, and scientific men, far and near, flocked to Liverpool. The ground where the exhibition was to take place, was a level piece of railroad two miles long, a little out of the city. Each engine was to make twenty trips at a rate of speed not under ten miles an hour, and three competent men were appointed as judges.

Four engines were entered on the list, "THE NOVELTY," "SANS-PAREIL," "THE ROCKET," "PERSEVERANCE."

Several others were built for the occasion in different parts of the kingdom, or rather projected and begun, but were not finished in time.

In order to afford ample opportunity for their owners to get them in good working order, the directors postponed the trial to October 6th. The day arrived, and a glance at the country round showed that an unusual occasion was drawing people together. Multitudes from the neighboring towns assembled on the grounds at an early hour. The road was lined with carriages, and a high staging afforded the ladies an opportunity of witnessing the novel race.

The "Novelty" and "Sans-pareil," though first on the list, were not ready at the hour appointed. What engine was? The Rocket. Stephenson next on the roll, was called for by the judges, and promptly the little Rocket fired up at the call. It performed six trips in about fifty-three minutes.

The Novelty then proclaimed itself ready. It was a light, trim engine, of little more than three tons weight, carrying its wood and water with it. It took no load and ran across the course sometimes at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. The Sans-pareil also came out.

The Perseverance, not able to go faster than five or six miles an hour, withdrew from the contest. As the day was now far spent, further exhibition was put off until the morrow,

What exciting discussions must have taken place among rival competitors and their friends. What a scrutiny of the merits and demerits, the virtues and defects of opposing engines.

Before the appointed hour the next day, the bellows of the Novelty gave out, and as this was one of its merits—a bellows to increase the draft of the air-blast—its builders were forced to retire from the list.

Soon after a defect was discovered in the boiler of the "Sans-pareil." Mr. Hackworth begged for time to mend it; as there was no time, none could be granted, and he too withdrew his claims.

The Rocket alone stood its ground. The Rocket, therefore, was again called for. Stephenson attached to it a carriage large enough to hold a party of thirty, and drove his locomotive along the line at the rate of twenty-five and thirty miles an hour, to the amazement and delight of every one present.

The next morning it was ordered to be in readiness to answer the various specifications of the offer. It snorted and panted, and steamed over the race-ground in proud trim, drawing about thirteen tons weight. In twenty trips, backward and forward, its greatest speed was twenty-nine miles an hour, three times greater than Nicholas Wood, one of the judges, declared to be possible. Its average rate was fifteen miles, five miles beyond the rate specified for the prize. The performance appeared astonishing. Spectators were filled with wonder. The poor directors began to see fair weather; doubts were solved, disputes settled; the Rocket had cleared the track for them. There could no longer be any question how to run the road. George Cropper, who had steadily countenanced stationary engines, lifted up his hands, exclaiming, "Stephenson has at last delivered himself!"

(To be Continued.)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

HISTORY OF JESUS.

CHAPTER XV.

THE prophets had foretold that at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus, there should be darkness on the Western Continent for three days and nights. Although many great and wonderful miracles had been performed by those that believed and lived in obedience to the words of the prophets, many began to doubt, and say that the prophets had spoken falsely.

On the very day and at the very hour when Jesus, the Son of God was nailed to a cross, there arose a most fearful storm, here in the land of America; although it was not called America then, for at that time it was inhabited by the people called Nephites and Lamanites. That storm was the most fearful one that ever was known. The wind blew in hurricanes and tempests, while the flashes of lightning and the awful peals of thunder were fearfully terrific.

In the midst of the dreadful scene, the great city Zarahemla took fire and was burned to ashes. It was in this same city where, before the birth of Jesus, the prophet Samuel tried to preach, but the people would not suffer him to remain in the city, but drove him out, and he got upon the walls and stood and warned them of the judgments of God that would come upon them if they did not repent.

Very many other cities were destroyed—some were burned—some were sunk and some buried in the depths of the sea—some were taken up by tremendous whirlwinds, while others were shaken by earthquakes until the buildings fell and crushed the inhabitants. In some places the rocks were torn asunder and thrown up in huge mountainous piles, while in other parts they were scattered about in broken fragments.

This awful scene lasted three hours, the same length of time that Jesus hung in agony on the cross—and in the short space of three hours, the whole face of this western continent was fearfully changed. Of the many once flourishing cities, both in the north and south, a few remained, but those few were very much injured by the tempests and earthquakes, and many of the inhabitants perished.

When the storm ceased, the whole land was covered with darkness; and the darkness was so dense, that the people that outlived the storm, could feel the vapor of darkness. It was impossible for them to make any light whatever—they could neither light candles nor kindle very dry wood, so as to make even a glimmer of light; and there was not the least ray to be seen from the sun, moon or stars.

This was a dreadful state for the people to remain in, after the awful calamities which had come upon them. The dark-

ness lasted during the time of three days and nights. And there was great weeping, mourning and lamentation among the people who had been warned of the things that were coming upon the earth, and had been called upon to repent of their sins and turn to the Lord. When it was too late, they saw their folly and bewailed their wretched condition. And in many places they filled the air with their cries and lamentations that they had not forsaken their sins before those calamities overtook them, so that they might have been spared with their sons and daughters, to enjoy their society.

Then the sound of a voice went forth over all the land, and it was heard by all the living that were spared from the awful scourge. The voice was the voice of Jesus, and he spoke to all the inhabitants of the earth. He reproved the people for their sins, and told them how they had persecuted those who had sought to do them good; and that in consequence of their wickedness, all these calamities had come upon them, and those who were the greatest sinners had been utterly destroyed, as the prophets had predicted.

The voice then said, "O all you that are spared because you were more righteous than they; will you not now return unto me, and repent of your sins and be converted, that I may heal you? Yea, verily I say unto you, if ye will come unto me, ye shall have eternal life. Behold my arm of mercy is extended towards you, and whosoever will come, I will receive; and blessed are they that come unto me. Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And as many as have received me, to them have I given power to become the sons of God; and even so will I, to as many as shall believe on my name: for, by me redemption cometh, and in me is the law of Moses fulfilled. I am the light and the life of the world. I have laid down my life and have taken it up again: therefore, repent and come unto me, ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." E. R. S.

(To be Continued.)

Uncle Gregory's Visits.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

VISIT XX. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

[CONTINUED.]

AS they were resting under the elm an aged man dressed in a loose blue coat and brass buttons, blue pants and vest and a three cornered hat came and sat down beside them. "Fine day, sir," said he to papa. "Very," laconically replied papa. "Have you ever seen the hospital sir," asked the gentleman of the blue coat. "No, sir," replied papa. "I, sir, am a pensioner, a Greenwich pensioner," said the old gentleman, as if it was quite an honor to be a Greenwich pensioner, "and I shall be proud to show you over the house." "Would you not like to see the old gentlemen take their supper, my dear," said he to Mary? "Yes, I should" replied Mary. Papa referred to his watch and found they had plenty of time. They walked round the park, viewed the observatory, from which all kinds of scientific observations are made, and then went to the hospital, which was a large building erected for disabled sailors, in which they might end their days in peace after having devoted most of their lives to the service of their country. The old gentleman showed them the flag room, where the flags that

had been torn and blackened in many a hard fought battle hung around.

They visited the kitchen where they were making tea by the gallon. An old black man, who had been a sailor, gave them some tea to taste, which was not very strong, but very hot and sweet. When they had satisfied their curiosity papa gave the old pensioner a present for his courtesy and received the usual "God bless your honor." They departed well pleased with their visit.

They reached the pier and there was the steam boat ready to take them back to London bridge. The bell was ringing as a signal for them to go on board, and other passengers were hurrying to secure their passage and all was life and bustle. They had only been a few minutes on the steam boat when the bell stopped, and the Captain, walking between the paddle wheels, began to give directions to the man in the engine room, which were echoed by a small boy at the opening of the engine room, for the large paddle wheels made such a noise that the engineer could not hear the Captain. "Start ahead," said the Captain. "Start ahead" echoed the call boy, and the boat began to move.

There are so many boats and so much shipping in the river Thames that great care has to be taken, otherwise the vessels would run into each other and occasion much damage and loss of life. "Ease her," called the Captain. "Ease her" shouted the call boy, that being the instruction to the engineer to slacken the speed. The boat moved slowly out into the river, and the voice of the Captain was again heard, "Go on ahead," which was repeated by the call boy, and away they went up the river. The setting sun was tinging the clouds with a rich golden hue which was reflected in the water of the river. The men from the various factories and ship building yards were wending their way homewards to enjoy the comfort of their families after a hard day's work, and the noise and bustle of the morning scene was quieting down into calmness and peace. Papa pointed out some ships that had come from America laden with cotton and tobacco, and Mary asked him, "shall we have to sail in a ship like this?" "Yes, my dear," replied papa, "only a much larger one, and we shall live upon the water for many weeks without ever seeing land." "Oh, I like being in a ship," said little Ellen. "Perhaps," said papa, "when you are upon the sea and feel sea sick you would not think it so pleasant." "Papa," said Mary, "why do people get sick at sea?" "Because of the motion of the vessel," replied papa, "the sea rocks a large ship about like that small straw you see passing by this boat." The girls saw the straw tossed about in the foam caused by the motion of the paddle wheels, and it seemed impossible to believe it.

They arrived at London bridge about the time of lighting the city and had the opportunity of seeing part of London by night. The city is lighted by gas, which is made by consuming coal, without allowing the vapor, called gas, to escape. This vapor is forced into iron pipes and conveyed under ground to various lamps erected on the side walks. A very easy experiment, and one which will give you some idea how this gas is procured may be made as follows: Obtain a common clay tobacco pipe, fill the bowl with coal dust and stop it over with clay, then put the bowl into the fire and leave the pipe out in the front. When it is heated, the gas, having no escape, will come through the end of the pipe, and by applying a lighted match to the vapor, it will burn with a clear flame until it is all consumed.

To be Continued.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

APRIL 15, 1868.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THERE are a great many little folks who very soon get angry. The most trifling thing will excite them. Then in their anger they say and do many things that they feel sorry for and ashamed of afterwards. While their passion lasts they feel as though they don't care for anything or anybody so that they can do as they please; and to carry out their desires they will commit many evils. It is very difficult to be angry and sin not. The anger which is not unto sin is that which God and his servants feel against the wicked and their evil ways; but the anger of children one with another is not from God, but from that source from which all evils flow, and sorrows rise. It is the temptation of the wicked one to lead us astray.

We have all to learn to govern our tempers and passions. It matters not if we be big or little, old or young we must not let them control us. If they do, they will destroy us. A man with passions he cannot govern is like a run-away locomotive engine, no one knows where it will go, or the injury it will do, but it is sure to come to destruction at last. How sad a sight is a passionate child; one who disputes and contends, who quarrels and fights. What good can we prophecy of such a child if these angry passions are not checked while it is young. That feeling grows in many into the spirit of shedding blood, and has made many a man a murderer, as it did Cain, who in his wrath slew his brother Abel. Sorrow waits on all those who do not strive to conquer this burning, choking, death-dealing feeling of anger that so quickly and uncalled for rises in our hearts and fills for a short time our whole souls. It is not of God. He abhors it and men fear and hate it.

The passionate man is a foe to himself. Anger plows more furrows on the forehead, and spoils more pretty faces than age itself. The passionate man carries in his bosom a never dying fire that burns to his destruction, and consumes the vital powers of his being. Many men shorten their lives, not for weeks or days but for years by giving way to anger. It is like an earthquake is to the ground, it overturns and displace, disorganizes and destroys, and throws all of the hidden machinery of a man's body into disorder. And thus a man brings evil on himself.

Perhaps you may think it strange that anger should hurt the body; but it is so. The spirit and body are so united, that all the feelings of the mind act upon the body. Love and hatred, joy and sorrow, hope and fear, cheerfulness and gloom all work for good or harm on this outward clothing of the spirit. Even the fact, small as it may seem, of our asking a blessing on our food and thanking our Heavenly Father for it, has a good effect on our bodies. That is, if the heart rises with the lips in gratitude. That feeling of gratitude or thankfulness fits the stomach to receive the food, while gloom or anger unfits it for its work. A crust of bread eaten with a cheerful heart will do us more good than the choicest food partaken of in sullenness

or wrath. Thus, in so small a thing as this may appear, while we honor God, we bless ourselves.

The spirit we should bear, is peace, meekness, and love. Jesus said "blessed are the peace makers: for they shall be called the children of God." What a glorious title! Let us try and remember it. Remember also that a wise man has said "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up evil." Boys and girls who fancy that they have received an insult or suffered a wrong should think twice before they speak once, and think that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." Then act upon this thought and give a kind word with a smile, and peace will dwell in two hearts, where, had a cross word been given, anger would have reigned.

There is one thing more, never vex a companion to anger, by taunts, or unwise jests. Such a course is also wrong, it produces the evil we have been talking about. But let your intercourse be in kindness and love, and you will grow up to be indeed "the children of God."

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CATECHISM ON THE HISTORY OF THE INDIANS.

33. What did Laman do?
Fled to his brothers.
34. Did Laman and Lemuel want to return without the plates?
Yes.
35. What did Nephi say?
As the Lord liveth, etc. See Book of Mormon, page 6, ¶ 24.
36. What did Nephi then propose to do?
To get all their father's gold, etc.
37. Did Laban give them the plates on exchange?
No.
38. What did he do?
Took all their money and tried to kill them.
39. What did Lehi's sons do?
Fled and hid in a rock.
40. What did Laman and Lemuel do?
Began to beat Nephi and Sam.
41. Who interfered and stopped them?
An angel of the Lord.
42. What did this angel tell them to do?
Go back to Jerusalem.
43. Did they do so?
Yes.
44. Who went towards Laban's house this time?
Nephi.
45. Was it day time or night?
Night.
46. Where did he find Laban?
In the street drunk.
47. What did Nephi do?
Cut off his head.
48. Did Nephi do right?
Yes.
49. What did Nephi do with Laban's clothes and sword?
Put them on.
50. What was the name of Laban's servant whom Nephi met?
Zoram.
51. Did Zoram get the plates for Nephi?
Yes.
52. Did Zoram consent to go with Nephi?
Yes.
53. Did the Lord command Lehi to send his sons to Jerusalem a second time?
Yes.
54. For what purpose?
To bring Ishmael and his family.
55. Did Ishmael and his family consent to come?
Yes.

For the Juvenile Instructor.
SCENES IN JERUSALEM.

THE POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

STRABO, a celebrated traveler and writer, who lived about the same time as our Savior, describes Jerusalem as "a rocky, well-enclosed fortress; within well watered, without wholly dry."

The whole history of Jerusalem bears record to the truth of the above short description. We are often told of those who laid siege to the city suffering from thirst, but the defenders inside seem to have always been well supplied with water. During the time the Roman armies under Titus invested it, his legions suffered frightfully from thirst and were obliged to bring bad water from a distance for their drink, yet not a word is said of the Jews inside the walls suffering from this want, though they were dying by thousands every day of hunger. The Crusaders, during their siege of A. D. 1099, suffered greatly from drought, whilst the inhabitants were well supplied.

All who live in this Territory know full well the value of a plentiful supply of water. It is the same in Palestine. The climate of that land being very warm and dry, the rains of Jerusalem are very scarce. It was made the use of the springs and fountains that burst forth within the walls or in the neighborhood of the city. The waters of these springs were led by means of conduits to suitable places where large cisterns were dug to receive them. These cisterns or pools are very numerous in Jerusalem, and are often referred to in the scriptures. Our engraving represents one of these, named after Hezekiah, one of the last and best of the kings of Judea.

The book of Chronicles tells us that when Sennacherib, king of Assyria threatened Jerusalem, Hezekiah took counsel of his princes and mighty men, and the first work executed to put the city in a state of defence was "to stop the waters of the fountains that were without the city. So there was gathered much people together, who stopped all the fountains, and the brook that ran through the midst of the land, saying, 'why should the king of Assyria come and find much water?'" We afterwards read that this same king "stopped the upper water-courses of Gehon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David," also "he made a pool and a conduit and brought water into the city." Our engraving represents the pool that has the reputation of being the one made by Hezekiah, and probably with reason. It is at present about two hundred and forty feet long and about one hundred and fifty broad, but it appears to have been originally three hundred feet long. In digging the foundations for the English church a subterranean channel was discovered, which some imagine to

have been Hezekiah's conduit spoken of in the scripture we have just quoted.

Our engraving gives a good idea of the present state of Jerusalem. How different it is, to what it was in the days when Solomon reared the temple of the living God in its midst. To day it is in many respects like most other Turkish cities; dirty and dilapidated. Its streets so narrow that a wagon or carriage cannot pass through them. Its fourteen thousand inhabitants are a strange mixture, Jew, Christian and Moslem; yet to all it is a holy city. A city of bright recollections and glorious promises, but to day humbled in the dust. And amidst its so-called sacred shrines and holy places, priests quarrel and sects fight for the possession of a few yards of ground which the feet of the Savior are supposed to have pressed, or where his body laid in the grave, while at the same time they neglect and scorn His servants now living on the earth and reject the same message of peace and good will which they bear unto them.

Behind the pool on the left hand of our picture rises the dome and other portions of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—

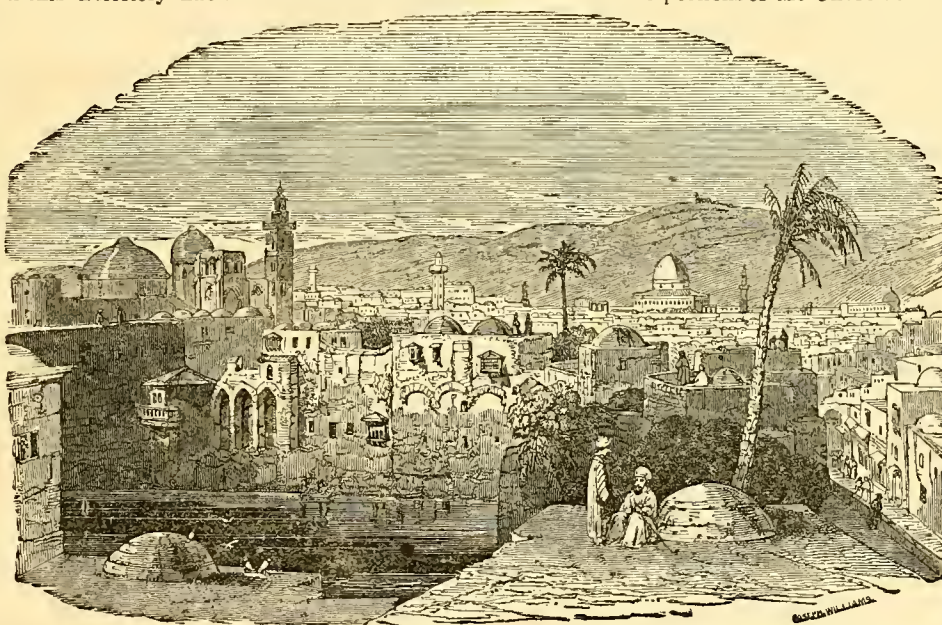
the very centre of fanatical contention. For here tradition teaches, with its usual untruthfulness, that Jesus was laid in the grave. How they can manage to get people to believe that the grave where Jesus laid was inside the walls of the city is rather hard to tell.

In the distance, behind the pool high above the surrounding buildings, can be seen the graceful dome of the Mos-

que of Omar "the noble Sanctuary," the second most sacred spot in the Mahometan world. That is it is the next after Mecca. The second most beautiful mosque. That is it is the next after Cordova. It rises from the centre of a platform partly paved with marble, while its walls are inlaid with the same precious material, and its windows are brilliant with stained glass. It is supposed to stand on the same spot where the temple of Solomon was built. Since the days the Crusaders were finally driven out of Jerusalem, the enclosure surrounding the Mosque has been jealously guarded from the profanation of Christian feet. But to the Moslem it is the park or pleasure ground of the city. Old and picturesque trees, olive, cypress and plane, sometimes standing alone, sometimes grouped in small groves, give abundant shade; and there the faithful lounge and talk, or Moslem women sit and chatter, whilst their children sport around.

G. R.

TO PARENTS.—In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save every thing, not for their own use, for that would make them selfish, but for some use. Teach them to share with others, but never allow them to destroy any thing.



Little George.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

MEETS WITH AN ACCIDENT.

A TRUE STORY.

[SECOND PART.]

WHILE little George sat pondering over the loss of his bird, feeling sad and lonesome, he could not but, at the same time, feel glad that he had done a good deed; and he thought that if his kind mistress scolded him for not prizing her gift as he ought, he could save his half-pennies and pay her back the two-pence again which she had spent to buy the bird. And he had an idea that for the good which he had done to the unfortunate bird, somebody would, some day, do him a good turn when he needed one.

He had seen so many strange and unaccountable providences happen to him in his changing life of but a few years, that he was led to expect something of the kind continually.

He was often able to commune with himself, and when in these moods, he would feel that he could see far into the future and he thought while he sat upon his master's seat looking at the empty cage,

"I will think and talk of this circumstance a great many years to come."

This prophetic thought has now been realized.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, and all things seemed to smile outside the dark dingy shoemaker's shop, and the freedom-loving spirit of the poor boy longed for wings to fly away and join his absent little feathered friend in its unrestrained enjoyment of liberty. O how he would like to stroll freely through those green fields bright with sunshine, and pluck the yellow buttercups and bright laughing daises; but, no; he had to be confined within the four walls of a small dark room, and work with leather and wax and shoemaker's thread.

He heaved a sigh, and before he knew it his mind was praying to God to make him feel more happy and contented.

He was at last aroused from these uncomfortable thoughts by the voice of his mistress calling on him to come down stairs to assist her, and his master and new acquaintance were preparing for work, for they always worked a little before breakfast.

George worked all that week without anything happening worthy of recording, only, that he had been permitted to play out of doors every evening a short time, and had made the acquaintance of some little boys in the neighborhood, which made him feel more contented. He liked his kind mistress better and better, for she often contrived to get him off the shoemaker's seat, when she knew he was tired, to send him on errands to a shop near by to purchase food and other things for the family, and to help her in the house, which he liked to do.

At length Saturday came, and all the work of the week was done and ready to be carried to the big city which the master and the kind mistress always did, assisted by the new acquaintance.

It was decided to leave George at home to take care of the house, and to sweep up the floor and clean the hearth stone, and have the tea kettle on and make things nice and comfortable by the time they returned in the evening.

After they had gone to the city with the week's work, and George was left alone, he thought to himself:

"Now, I will surprise my good kind mistress, and I will clean everything in the house so clean, as to make her so glad

that she has got such a good little boy to help her." He always did like to surprise those who were good to him with some extra endeavor to please them. When they were pleased it was all the reward he desired. To see them pleased was more to him than a gift or a reward, but when they did not appear pleased with any extra effort he might make, it wounded his feelings, and made him think that he never would again try to do anything extra to please anybody.

Well, he set about it in right good earnest, and with all his strength, and cleaned the floor of the kitchen and the fire-irons, and rubbed the chairs and made them shine again, working until he sweat, and was as black as a little sweep with black-lead, and coal-soot and ashes, for he thought the more black-lead he used on the grate, the greater it would shine, until he got it nearly all over him.

The kitchen was now done, and he thought he would next clean the parlor; so he kindled a fire in the parlor grate, and put a pan of water on the kindling coals to heat, to wash the floor with, while he cleaned the grate and the fire-irons; and he was in a great hurry to get all his planned work done before his mistress returned.

The fire kindled up and the water in the pan began to get scalding hot.

George was just finishing the cleaning of the grate, and in his desire and anxiety to make it very bright, had forgotten the pan and the water on the top of the coals, when all at once the coals in the grate settled down, and threw the pan off and its scalding contents, putting out the fire and severely scalding one of little George's legs. The clean, bright grate was all spoiled, the parlor floor was covered with water and ashes, and the furniture in the room was all besmeared with steam and soot and dirty water.

This was another of little George's mishaps. He felt that his leg was scalded, and on taking off his stocking found a blister the size of his hand. He cried with vexation and pain, caring more for what his kind mistress would say to him and think of him than for the scald he had received.

Uncle George can well remember this circumstance, for when he takes off his stocking from the unlucky leg, there still remains the scar caused by that scald when he was little George.

He did not have to remain long in that sad predicament, for dirty and smutted up with black-lead and coal-soot as he sat in a corner in a state of utter dejection nursing his scalded leg, which gave him great pain, the door suddenly opened, and in came the kind mistress, who stood amazed at finding her parlor in such a state. Her eye fell upon little George in the corner, who would have been glad to hide himself from her gaze if he could.

When she saw him, she exclaimed, "why, George, my dear boy, what have you been doing?"

He told her as well as he could through his sobs. She understood his kind intentions, and pitied him, tied up his leg and commenced at once to make him clean and comfortable again.

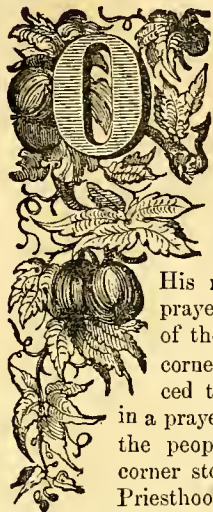
Before things had got straightened in the house, the master came in and was as much amazed as the kind mistress was, and felt inclined to scold the good-intentioned boy; but the mistress took him into the kitchen and showed him how nice and clean it was, and at the same time giving him to understand that the parlor would have been as clean as the kitchen if the pan had not fallen off the fire and scalded the boy's leg. He was pacified and requested George to be more careful in time to come.

My little friends, we learn from this portion of our history, and the clean kitchen, that it is always safe to have some good recorded in our favor, that if we should by some unfortunate circumstance be led into apparent or real wrong-doing, the remembrance of the good we have done may plead for blessings of mercy and forgiveness.

UNCLE GEORGE.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.



On the sixth of April, 1841, the Nauvoo Legion assembled, and a procession was formed, which proceeded to the ground selected for the Temple. A hollow square was formed around the spot, and the superior officers of the Legion, the architects, principal speaker, etc., were conducted to the stand at the principal corner stone—the south east. After singing, Sidney Rigdon addressed the Assembly.

His remarks were followed by singing and prayer. The architects then, by the direction of the First Presidency, lowered the first (S. E. corner) stone to its place, and Joseph pronounced the benediction. Sidney Rigdon followed in a prayer. After an adjournment for one hour, the people again assembled, and the south west corner stone was laid by the direction of the High Priesthood—Don Carlos Smith, Joseph's younger brother—and his counsellors. The third, or north west, corner stone was then laid under the direction of the High Council; and the fourth, or north east corner stone, was lowered to its place superintended by Bishop N. K. Whitney and the bishops. As each stone was placed in its position a prayer was offered and blessings were invoked upon it by the President of the quorum officiating.

This occasion was a time of much rejoicing for Joseph and the Saints. After all their sufferings from mobocracy they had at last reached a place where they could rest for a season and commence the erection of a House of the Lord. The Lord had a great endowment in store for His Saints. A suitable house was necessary in which to bestow this endowment—a place where the holy ordinances of the gospel could be administered. The foundation stones were now laid, and many and fervent were the prayers which were offered up that the Saints might be permitted to complete it. Joseph was eager to push the work ahead. The people were sick and poor, and it seemed like a very heavy undertaking for so few people as there were there to attempt the erection of such a House. But God had commanded, and they stepped forth cheerfully to obey.

Joseph, in alluding to the proper manner of laying the foundation stones of temples, said: "If the strict order of the Priesthood were carried out in the building of Temples, the first stone would be laid at the south east corner, by the First Presidency of the church. The south west corner should be laid next. The third or north west corner next; and the fourth or north east corner last. The First Presidency should lay the south east corner stone, and dictate who are the proper persons to lay the other corner stones. If a temple is built at a distance, and the First Presidency are not present, then the quorum of the Twelve Apostles are the persons to dictate the order for that Temple; and in the absence of the Twelve Apostles, then the Presidency of the Stake will lay the south east corner stone; the Melchisedec Priesthood laying the corner stones on the east side of the Temple, and the lesser Priesthood those on the west side."

In laying the foundation stones of the Temple in this city the order laid down by Joseph was observed. But there was a

quorum of the Twelve Apostles present, which there was not at laying the foundation stones at Nauvoo; they were absent in England. The first stone of the foundation of the Temple here was laid by the First Presidency. The second, the south west, was laid by the Presiding Bishop, his council, and the various Presidencies of the lesser Priesthood. The third, the north west, was laid by the President of the High Priest's quorum with his council, and the President of the High Council. The fourth, the north east, was laid by the Twelve Apostles, the First Presidency of the Seventies and the Presidency of the Elders' quorum.

Thus, as President Young explained on the occasion, the First Presidency, who are Apostles, started at the south east corner; "then the lesser Priesthood laid the second stone; we bring them into our ranks at the third stone, which the High Priests and Elders laid; we take them under our wing to the north east corner stone, which the Twelve and Seventies laid; and there, again join the Apostleship. It circumscribes every other Priesthood, for it is the Priesthood of Melchisedec, which is after the order of the Son of God."

TWO CHILDREN FASTENED IN A CLOSET.

The following interesting account is from the *Mobile (Alabama) Register*. The little boy took the best course he could under the circumstances. He prayed, and his prayers were heard.

EVERY reader remembers the ancient Venetian legend—best told in Rogers' poem, "Ginevra"—of the bride who playfully hid away from her lord on the wedding day in an old oaken chest. It closed with a spring and she was thus entombed alive; her mourning friends and inconsolable lord never saw her face again, and he,

—"weary of life,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk."

Years afterwards, when the bride's mysterious disappearance was almost a forgotten tale, the discovery of a few mouldering bones and ashes in the fatal chest, with long locks of faded hair and rings and wedding trinkets, revealed the sad doom that had suddenly snatched her away from happiness, light and life.

Two little children, of a well known family in this city, narrowly escaped precisely such a fate on Wednesday last. They were at play in a yard near the dwelling, where a number of boxes and other things had been placed, among which was a very large chest with a hasp on the outside, closing down over a staple so as to be secured in the old-fashioned style with a padlock.

In their play the children—a boy of eight and his sister of six years—got into the chest, and the lid, which was heavy, fell and brought the hasp down over the staple, fastening the lid down so securely that a strong man could not have burst it open from the inside.

Near nightfall the mother of the little prisoners missed them, and not finding them in the yard, supposed they had, against orders, strayed into the street. She happened to pass near the chest, and fancying that she heard a strange, moaning sound, stooped and opened it, and there to her great surprise, she found her little darlings, crushed down by the heavy lid and so nearly suffocated that they were speechless. A little longer and the chest would have been their coffin.

The boy, it appears, had a stout and pious heart; he told his mother that when he found that they were fastened in,

he prayed that she might be sent to open the chest, and he believed that she had come in answer to his prayer. He then got out his little pocket-knife and felt about for the hinges of the chest, which he vainly endeavored to cut loose, telling his little sister Daisy to pray in the mean time with all her might. That boy's life was undoubtedly spared to some good end.

ADVENTURES WITH A PANTHER.

I PRESUME, boys, you have all seen pictures of the panther, that dangerous animal which is the lion of America. Like his brother of far-off Africa, he is a strong, fierce creature, which you would not much like to meet if you were alone and unarmed in the open fields. This animal is found in considerable numbers in the mountains of California; and we hear, from the early settlers of that State, many interesting and amusing stories of their adventures with the "painter" as they call him. One of these, which is a "real, true story," I have thought you might like; so here it is:

Two men, whom we may call Brown and Jones, were living in a part of the country far from any other settlement. It was an old ranch where thousands of horses and cattle had once been raised, but which was now nearly abandoned. The broad, green pastures, divided by no ugly fences, were dotted here and there with groves of low trees, thick with underbrush. These thickets were a favorite hiding place of grizzly bears, panthers, and other wild animals from the mountain forests around; and the men, through fear of them, made it a rule never to go far from their cabin without guns.

One day, however, they went out to catch a horse, which usually had no mind to be caught, leaving their guns behind them. So engaged were they in trying to coax him to them, as he pranced about, that before they were aware of it, he had led them far from their cabin; and they found themselves separated from it by one of these groves. Suddenly Brown was startled by a shriek from the direction of the thicket. Turning, he saw his companion rushing toward him, crying, "painter! painter! run!" Without waiting to ask questions, he started at full speed toward a tall, old chimney which stood near. He soon found himself perched upon its top, while Jones climbed to the uppermost branches of a high tree not far away. Thus settled, they looked about them, when, to their astonishment, the panther, which they had expected every moment to seize them, was nowhere to be seen.

"Where's yer painter?" sung out Brown.

"I dun no," said Jones. "He was jist fixin' to jump when I seen him in the bushes; and I hearn him arter me when I was a runnin'."

After waiting a long time in vain for their foe to appear, Brown succeeded in persuading his frightened friend to get down from his tree and go with him to the cabin for their guns. They succeeded in getting past the thicket without attracting the notice of the panther and were soon back, determined to spoil their neighbor's plan for making a supper of them. Jones was to beat about the edges of the thicket and thus frighten the panther out; while Brown was stationed at a convenient place to shoot him as he should make his appearance.

After such a thrashing of the bushes as panther never was known to bear in silence before, a crashing was heard like dried sticks breaking under a heavy step. Presently Brown, his gun to his shoulder, his finger on the trigger, and impatient to fire, saw the bushes part, and then appeared through them—what? The head and horns of the meekest, sleepest old ox that ever wore a panther-colored coat.

You can well believe that Jones never heard the last of his "scare." Whenever he would get to telling large stories about his adventures, his companions were sure to stop him with, "How about that ere painter?"—*Little Chief.*

Original Poetry.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

Blest Sabbath day! How gladly we hail thee.
When lessons sweet, we may repeat,
Blest Sabbath day!
How sacred is the joyous sound,
When little children gather round,
And hearts with songs abound,
Oh, blest Sabbath day!

Praise ye the Lord, little ones with singing;
While truth we speak and wisdom seek,
Praise ye the Lord;
Let His good word to bless and cheer,
In every infant mind appear,
With faith and light sincere,
Oh, praise the Lord!

Great is his name, His goodness and His glory!
To him we owe each bliss we know,
Great is his name!
With grateful hearts, the holy throng,
With thanks and praise, with prayer and song,
Shall echo loud and long,
Oh, great is His name!

Blest Sabbath day! His word pronounced thee holy;
We hail thee then and sing again,
Praise ye the Lord!
While valleys, woods and mountains ring,
Our Heavenly Father, Christ and King,
Is pleased when children sing,
Oh, great is His name!

Smithfield, Cache Co.

LULA.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY MISS J. EVANS.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, 8, is the name of a man that lived before the flood.

My 7, 10, 9, 8, is that which comes from the clouds.

My 3, 6, 2, 5, is what all bakers sell.

My whole is a state in the Union.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST & FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR & PUBLISHER.

Single Copy, per Annum.....\$3 00
Single Copy, for Six Months.....1 50

It is expected where agents forward names they will be responsible for the papers thus ordered; and when Cash payments are made, they will please forward them with the letter containing the names of the subscribers.

Elder Wm. H. Shearman, Logan, will act as General Agent for Cache Valley.

Grain brought to this City for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will be received at the office of our paper—DESERET NEWS BUILDINGS.